

## PERSONAL MENTION.

The children will be pleased to read the letter from their old friend and brother, S. J. Harrison.

Brother Knepper, Berlin, Pa., has been kindly remembered by the people whom he serves. Read what he has to say on page 14.

Brother Replogle of Johnstown makes an earnest appeal in behalf of the mission work in Pa. Let pastors heed the call and liberally respond.

Brother J. D. McFaden, Carleton, Neb., reports a baptism Sunday night last. The Carleton church now has a membership of 165, and more to follow.

We again call attention to the very practical thoughts and lessons brought out in Brother McFaden's articles. He has contributed an article weekly since we have charge of the paper, and we hear them highly spoken of.

Brother M. C. Myers of Mount Pleasant, Pa., sends us the following on a postal card:

DEAR EDITOR: What has become of our National Mission Board? Has it been starved to death? We have not seen its obituary. We had a National Mission Board at our National Convention but we have not heard from it since. Will the Mission Board please answer through the EVANGELIST?

Brother C. H. Balsbaugh promises us occasional articles for the EVANGELIST. We take the following from a private letter: "I write for God and eternity, and never tell any one but him the needs of my pen ministry. I am sure that he is still *Jehovah-Jireh* to those that trust him. The hardest task under the sun is to *trust God*. The *consciousness* of *sin* is the great barrier to the faith that never doubts nor questions."

## THE PURPOSE OF THE GOSPEL.

The purpose of the gospel is not separation, but leavening and transformation. Christianity is not to hold itself aloof from a world that lieth in wickedness, or to keep those who accept the faith from contact with sinners, except when contact means partaking of the sin. Then only we are to come out and be separate. But our business is to seek sinners, to touch the leprosy of evil with the hand of compassion and faith that healing may come to it. We stand in the place of Christ—his living agents, through whom he is to touch and help the world.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

## A WELL SPENT LIFE.

In making much (and who can make enough?) of the death of Jesus—that death in which we find eternal life—many forget the importance of the life of Christ. He must have lived that life before He could die such a death as would enable Him to become our Saviour. He must have passed unscathed through all temptation; He must have fulfilled all duties perfectly; He must have been holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; He must have lived by faith upon his Father; He must have proved Himself sinless before He could die for sinners, the just for the unjust, that He might bring them to God.

A minister of the Gospel was asked to visit a poor, dying woman. The messenger, being ignorant, could give no account of her state, except that she was a very good woman and very happy, and was now at the end of a well-spent life, therefore sure of going to heaven. The minister went, saw she was very ill, and after a few kindly inquiries about her bodily condition, said; "Well, I understand you are in a very peaceful state of mind, depending upon a well-spent life." The dying woman looked hard at him, and said; "Yes, I am in the enjoyment of peace, and that from a well-spent life, but it is the well spent life of Jesus—not my doings, but His; not my merits, but His blood." It was by such a death of Christ ending such a life that we are saved.—*The Quiver*.

Whatever you ask God for, ask with all your might if you want God to give with all his.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

Sooner or later the world is going to be taken for Christ, in spite of the preachers who are jealous of each other.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high place, or fashionable attire.

The man who knows that his scales and measures are wrong, has all the proof that God will give him that his religion is not right.

The darkest hour in any young man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.—Horace Greeley.

If I get downhearted, a voice says, "Let not your heart be troubled." I listen, and listen, and listen, and by and by it says again; "I will be with you always, even to the end of the world." God and me! Can you reckon up how much that is worth?—Hiram Golf's Religion.

## HIGH NOON.

Time's finger on the dial of my life  
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day

Leaves less than half remaining: For the dark  
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.  
To those who burn the candle to the stick,  
The sputtering socket leaves but little light.  
Long life is sadder than an early death:  
We cannot count on raveled threads of age  
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use  
The warp and woof the every ready present fields.

And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink  
How brief the past, the future still more brief  
Calls on to action, action! Not for me  
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;  
Not time for laudation, or remorse.  
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let  
Dead yesterday, unborn to-morrow shame.  
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste  
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip  
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,  
And keep me silent when I would condemn.

Sometimes it takes the aid of a sin  
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls  
So pity may shine through them. Looking back

My faults and errors seem like stepping stones  
That lead the way to knowledge of the truth,  
And made me value virtue: Sorrows shine  
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years  
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth

Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,  
I feel well spurned and booted for the strife,  
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men and myself  
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,  
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,  
To guide and help me down the western slope.

I have learned how to pray and toil and save  
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent,  
To toil for universal good, since thus,  
And only thus can good come unto me;  
To save by giving whatsoever I have  
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If a man's good character gets him into trouble it will get him out again.

When you have got both feet on a promise of God don't be afraid to stand firm.

Charity is a kind of asbestos, which when once kindled in a stove of fire cannot be extinguished. No wind can blow out its flames, no water can quench its heat, no storm can put out its fire.—Isidore.

A missionary traveling in India threw a tract to a passerby. It contained much of the Word of God. Years afterward another missionary going to that vicinity saw a number of people under a tree apparently engaged in worship. He stopped and found that sixteen of them were Christians ready for baptism, and others only needed a little instruction to bring them into the light of God. They showed him the little tract, soiled and worn, which, thrown to one of their number, years ago, had been the only beacon to light them to their Lord.